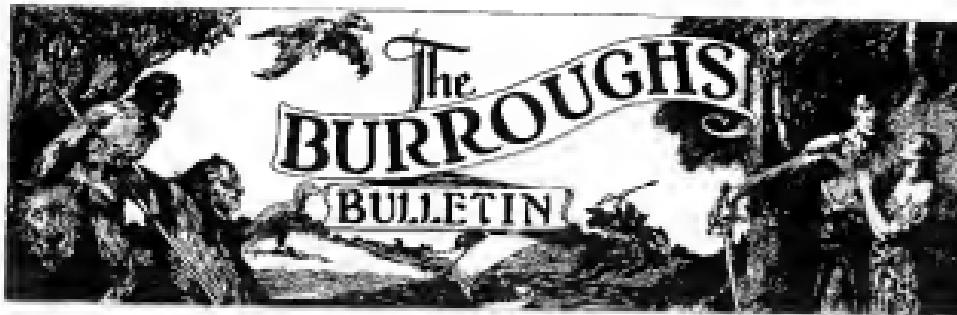


Tarzan IN PELLUCIDAR

ILLUSTRATED
BY
BURNE HOGARTH and DAN BARRY





100

4192

CONTENTS

Tarzan IN PELLUCIDAR

THE BARSOOMIAN CHRONICLES. III - "PARTNER IN PLUNDER"
by ALLAN HOWARD

VERMILL CORNELL, editor, publisher
STANISLAW B. MAREK, managing editor

THE SURVEYOR-ENGINEER 103

Copyright © 1994 by The Free Press, Inc. All rights reserved under
U.S. Copyright Law. Printed in the United States of America, with lead
type and metal type, art, photographs, etc., by The Author, from type set, and
illustrations by The Author.

The original, and only, authority for these rules is the Secretary of State.

Tarzan IN PELLUCIDAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

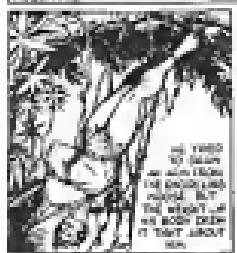
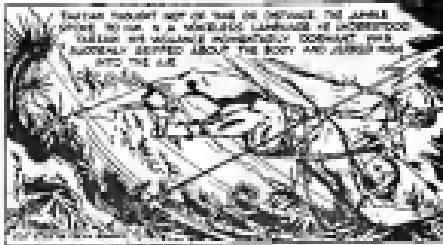


A black and white illustration of a group of people gathered around a table, looking at a map or document. One man in the foreground is pointing at something on the table. The scene is set in a dimly lit room with a lamp in the background.



FROM THE DOORWAY OF THE HOLE,
THE ADVENTURER GAZED IN
BLINK AND AT THE FEROCIOUS BEAUTY
OF PORTUGAL'S FERREIRA.

—CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

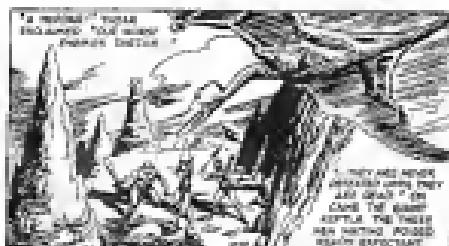








THEIR
BUTTERFLIES
ARE FLOW-
ERS. THEY
HAVE
CREATED FLOW-
ERS SO BEAUTIFUL
THAT
THEY
ARE
ARTISTS.



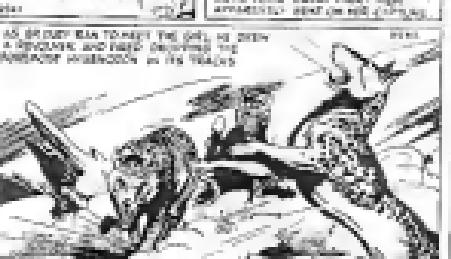
THE BIRDS STRUCK US SOONLY THREE
COURSES WERE LEFT, SAILING
FOR THE COAST, TURNING BACK
TOWARD THE ISLANDS, OR
THOSE COULD STRIKE FOR
PEACE OF MIND.
SAILING AND THE
WIND WOULD
CHANGE.



RECORDED AND INDEXED
BY THE LIBRARY STAFF
IN ACCORDANCE WITH
THE REQUIREMENTS OF
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
AND THE LIBRARY OF THE
AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.



AS OF FEBRUARY 2004 THE FUND
HAD BEEN DIRECTLY FUNDED
BY 1,000 INDIVIDUALS.
KODAK TAKES THE LEAD.



AS SOON AS YOU TURN THE KEY, WE SEND A SIGNAL AND READ EXACTLY THE POSITION OF THE STEERING WHEEL.





BRANT HAD ALREADY HAD ENOUGH OF
THAT. SOON, THOSE TWO HUNGRY BEASTS
WILL BE HUNGRY AGAIN. NOT TO MENTION
THAT THEY WERE ON PREDATOR'S HEAD.



BRANT LOOKED DOWN AT
THE MONSTER. IT WAS A MONSTER
BROUGHT DOWN BY A PROFOUNDLY
POWERFUL AND FIERCE PREDATOR.



BRANT'S EYES ATTACHED
TO THE MONSTER'S EYES. HE
LEAPED DOWN AND STRUGGLED
TO GET AWAY FROM THE MONSTER.



A FEW FEET FROM BRANT, THE
MONSTER'S MOUTH WAS A MASSIVE
CAGE OF TEETH AND LIPS. HE WAS
NOT GOING TO SURVIVE THE
ATTACK.



MONSTER GRABBED THEM BOTH
UP AND PULLED THEM INTO
MONSTER'S MOUTH.



BRANT'S EYES ATTACHED
TO THE MONSTER'S EYES. HE
LEAPED DOWN AND STRUGGLED
TO GET AWAY FROM THE MONSTER.



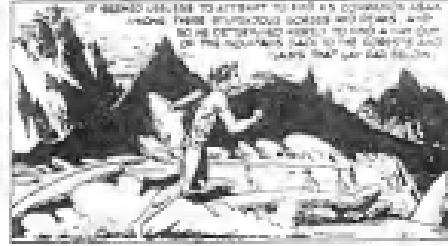
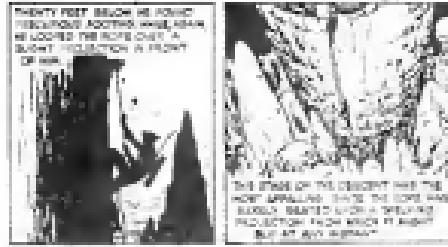
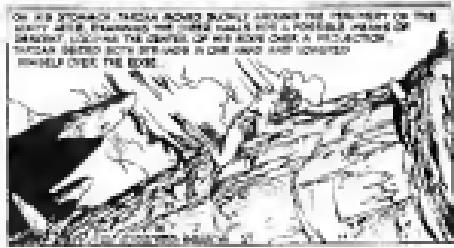
MONSTER GRABBED THEM BOTH
UP AND PULLED THEM INTO
MONSTER'S MOUTH.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU
ARE GOING TO KILL ME?" THOSE
WORRYING WORDS HAD BEEN
THROWN.



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU
ARE GOING TO KILL ME?" THOSE
WORRYING WORDS HAD BEEN
THROWN.







AS TARANIAN RAN ONWARD HE WENT INTO THE BEAST'S HAIR. IT WAS BURNING HOT ON THE GROUND. HE FELT THE HIPS HEAT. IN 50 FEET HE WOULD MEET THESE ANARCHS BEAST AND IT'S VENOM AS IT CHAOSSED DOWN UPON TARANIAN.



AS THE BEAST LEFT IT RAN ONWARD. TARANIAN TURNED HIS HEAD AND HE SAW THE WOMAN COULD NOT COPE. HE TURNED HIS HEAD AND HE SAW THE WOMAN COULD NOT COPE.

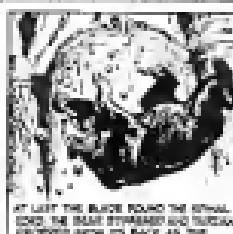


WHEN TARANIAN REACHED THE COTTAGE HE HAD A PREDICTION AGAIN. TWENTY FEET ABOVE THE GROUND, WHICH SURROUNDED A HILL ON THE EAST, AS HE CAME WITHIN TOUCHABLE DISTANCE OF THE ROOF, HE TURNED TO THE ROOF OF HIS LIVING ROOM IN

TO THE ROOF OF HIS LIVING ROOM IN. HE COULD NOT REACH IT. HE COULD NOT REACH IT.



IT HAD NO PLACE TO FIGHT. A NIGHT FOR LIFE. ON ONE SIDE, THE WOMAN, ON THE OTHER, TARANIAN. THE COTTAGE. TARANIAN.



AT LAST THE BEAST FOUND THE SIGHT. SOON THE BEAST STRUCK AND TARANIAN FELT THE BEAST'S VENOM AS IT PIERCED HIS BACK. HE FELT THE BEAST'S VENOM AS IT PIERCED HIS BACK.

IT WAS NO PLACE TO FIGHT. A NIGHT FOR LIFE. ON ONE SIDE, THE WOMAN, ON THE OTHER, TARANIAN. THE COTTAGE. TARANIAN.



IT WAS NO PLACE TO FIGHT. A NIGHT FOR LIFE. ON ONE SIDE, THE WOMAN, ON THE OTHER, TARANIAN. THE COTTAGE. TARANIAN.

IT WAS NO PLACE TO FIGHT. A NIGHT FOR LIFE. ON ONE SIDE, THE WOMAN, ON THE OTHER, TARANIAN. THE COTTAGE. TARANIAN.



IT WAS NO PLACE TO FIGHT. A NIGHT FOR LIFE. ON ONE SIDE, THE WOMAN, ON THE OTHER, TARANIAN. THE COTTAGE. TARANIAN.

IT WAS NO PLACE TO FIGHT. A NIGHT FOR LIFE. ON ONE SIDE, THE WOMAN, ON THE OTHER, TARANIAN. THE COTTAGE. TARANIAN.

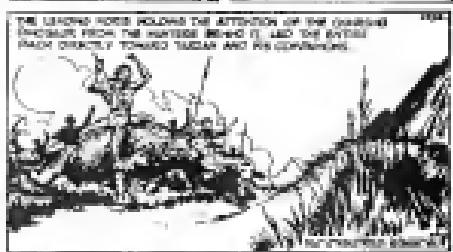
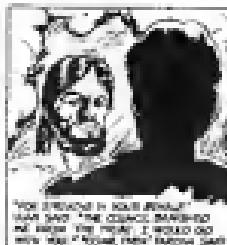


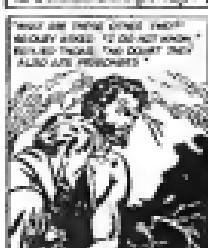
IT WAS NO PLACE TO FIGHT. A NIGHT FOR LIFE. ON ONE SIDE, THE WOMAN, ON THE OTHER, TARANIAN. THE COTTAGE. TARANIAN.

IT WAS NO PLACE TO FIGHT. A NIGHT FOR LIFE. ON ONE SIDE, THE WOMAN, ON THE OTHER, TARANIAN. THE COTTAGE. TARANIAN.





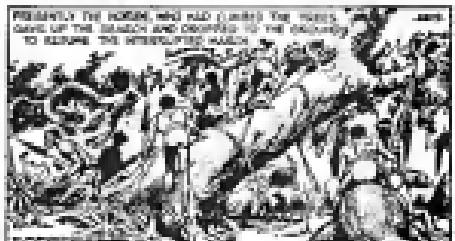




SAVANNAH WITH THICK FORESTS OF
VINE BRAZIL, LAGAROZO,
MORE, BUT THEY KEPT
STEADILY AT IT, TURNING
TURNS ABOUT.



MANSON TURNED LIGHTLY TO
THE LEFT AND UP, AND THE
TWO, ALMOST AS A SINGULAR
MOVEMENT, DROPPED INTO A TREE OF NEW
DRY, CRACKED LEAVES.



MANSON HUNG ON AS THE
WORLD SWIRLED AND SWELLED
BY JOHN AND HIS COLD, CALLUS
CLAW FROM THE TAIL.

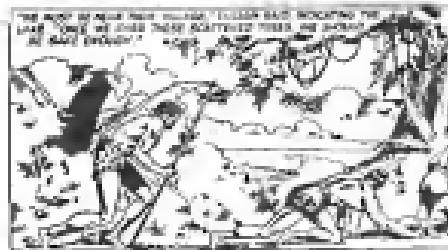


WITH THAT, AS THE TAIL SWUNG
TO THE LEFT, MANSON DROPPED
DOWN, AND THEY DROPPED
TO THE GROUND, DROPPED ON TOP OF JOHN'S BACK.



AS THE TAIL SWUNG, MANSON
DROPPED DOWN, DROPPED ON
TOP OF JOHN'S BACK, DROPPED
TO THE GROUND, DROPPED ON
TOP OF JOHN'S BACK.





HOLDING THE HORSE BY A BRIDLE, TIGER WANTS TO
HAVE SHOT IT. THE MIGHTY BULL DRAWS HIS HORN
TO BLOW IT IN THE STAG'S EYES.



THE BULL'S HORNS HAD BEEN SHOT BY THE STAG. HE WAS SO
INJURED THAT HE COULD NOT GET UP. HE WAS SO DEEPLY
HURT THAT HE WAS TELLING OTHERS.



ONE BEYOND THE POSSIBILITY OF RECOVERY, THE HORN
WAS TORN OFF. TIGER WANTS TO GET PREDATOR BEASTS.

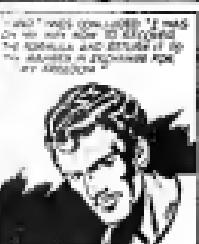


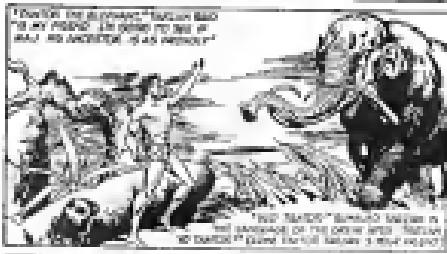
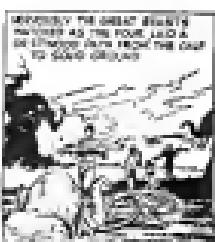
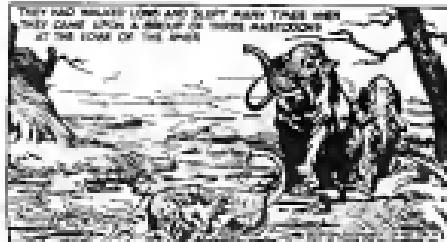
MAN SHOT THEM. IN THE FOREST, BENGAL TIGER SHOT
THE PREDATOR BEASTS AS THEY WERE CHASING HER AND HER SON.



THE STAGS ON THE GROUND, SHOT BY THE HORN, WERE
NOT CAPTURED. THEY WERE SHOT BY THE HORN.
THEY WERE SHOT BY THE HORN.











In BB #21 we reported that Al Williamson had inked some of the daily episodes of the Tarzan strip after Herm Hogarth had taken over the production of the feature. We were later informed by Mr. Hogarth that this statement was incorrect. In fact, said Mr. Hogarth, Al Williamson never worked on the daily strip in any capacity. From the beginning, we were told, it was Dan Barry who inked Hogarth's pencilling, but after a few weeks, Hogarth considered Barry's work so competent that the production of the strip was turned over to him with Hogarth simply supervising.

This strip is, of course, a version of TARZAN AT THE KANTANG GONE. Starting on page 20, however, the closing episodes are based on events found in BB#5's LAND OF TARZAN. A change of style in Barry's work can be noticed in these episodes too... and looking over the strips throughout this issue of the BB, the observer will recognise that some of the art has been adapted from earlier work by Hogarth and Foster for TARZAN and the latter's PRIMUS VALIANT.

THE BARSOOMIAN CHRONICLES by Allan Howard

III—"Partners in Plunder"

As is very well known, thevery is a rare thing on Barsoom. On the other hand, the honorable acquisition of loot carries no opprobrium, a fine distinction drawn by the warriors of two planets for millennia. Indeed, in many cases it has been the only currency available to impoverished monarchs and governments with which to pay their soldiers in war and conquest.

Ger Mots and Minger Han were two panthers who, unlike Fo-ner, had escaped being captured by Hin Abrol when he sacked Raxer on his way to attack Gothol. With chaos all about them at the last stand in the jed's palace, the two panthers had very wisely decided to look out for themselves, and found others doing the same. They spied a dwarf of the jed's elite guard getting away with a large packet of gems of the first water from the enthrone closely guarded crown jewel room, and by reasonable persuasion induced him to relinquish them. Leaving the palace by a side door where there was little activity, they came upon a disheveled noble preparing to mount a fine thoat. The pair tossed him into a drainage ditch and rode happily away.

Morning found them in low hills near the shore of a vorished sea. Ger Mots was in possession of the jewels and turned ugly whatever Minger Han suggested it might be he turn to carry them. Ger Mots' idea was to shake Minger Han at the first opportunity. Minger Han made it his business to stick closer than adhesive, and in turn schemed to get sole possession of jewels and thoat; — and to lose Ger Mots. The value of the booty was great enough to make both, in a trite phrase, wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. But the possession of one fortune never made the acquisition of another less desirable.

In order to get their bearings, Ger Mots climbed a nearby pinnacle; a thing Minger Han wouldn't do while Ger Mots carried the jewels. What Ger Mots saw when he reached the top caused him to descend immediately. He slipped near the bottom, and falling on Minger Han, they went down in a tangle of arms and legs. Ger Mots, up first and careful to give Minger Han a bit of trampling, leaped for the thoat's back. As he galloped off, a war party of green men came around the pinnacle between him and Minger Han.

Ger Mots turned and called, "Farewell, Minger Han, there was little time, and I got the thoat first."

Minger Han pulled his longsword and prepared to sell his life dearly. With his other hand he held something up, and yelled, "Yes, you dirty uths, you've got the thoat, but I've got the loot!"